

Coffee and Kisses by look_turtles

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Summary:

Billy really likes Steve's coffee

Coffee and Kisses

Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Steve's Coffee](#) by [look_turtles](#).

Written for the slashthedrabble prompt: coffee or tea

Billy walked into Steve's house and felt his skin crawl. There was just something about the big, empty, spotless house that made him uncomfortable. He wondered how Steve could stand to live in a house that looked like something out of a museum.

'Hey, you ready for the game?' Steve asked as he held a bowl of chips. He was wearing a tight polo shirt and jeans. Not that Billy was looking, friends didn't ogle friends.

Billy grinned. If there was one thing that could make him stay in the house, it was Steve big ass tv.

They had had their differences, aka beating the crap out of each other, and now they were friends. Billy was going to enjoy a normal night were a monster wasn't trying to kill them.

'I need a drink. You got any beer?' Billy asked as he made his way to the kitchen. Nothing said normal like salty chips and beer.

'Yeah. Help yourself.'

Billy walked into the kitchen that was all white and stainless steel and saw a weird glass jar sitting on the counter. He picked it up and turned it around in his hand. There was a plunger on top.

Steve came into the kitchen.

'This some kind of weird sex toy?' Billy asked.

'Nah. That's just a French press,' Steve stood next to Billy. Billy had to stop himself from breathing deeply Steve cool scent.

The confusion must have been written on Billy's face because Steve

added, 'It's for making coffee. You want some?'

'Sure. Knock yourself out.' Billy went over to a large refrigerator and took out a cold beer. The glass chilled his fingertips.

Steve took the French press and Billy walked back into the living room and sat on Steve's white leather sofa.

He kicked off his boots and sat his sock clad feet on the coffee table.

Soon, the air was filled with the scent of coffee. Steve walked into the room and handed Billy a cup. Billy took it and sniffed the dark liquid. The rich scent made his mouth water.

He took a sip and almost groaned when the rich, slightly bitter liquid slid down his throat. It sure as hell beat the instant mixed with warm tap water that he usually drank.

He drank more coffee and when it was gone, he tipped his head back to get every last drop.

He looked over at Steve who was staring at Billy's throat. He knew that look in Steve's eyes, it was the same look that girls got when they stared at Billy's ass

Billy grinned. 'You got a problem, Harrington?'

Steve moved and crowded Billy against the arm of the couch. He brushed their lips together. Steve lips were warm and rough and Billy grabbed onto Steve's shoulders and pulled him close.

Billy deepened the kiss and couldn't decide if the coffee or the kisses tasted better. He would have to have a lot more coffee and a lot more kisses to decide.